The Wish,

To which are added,

Dear little Cottage Maiden,

O rare Country Lasses,

Ballynamone Oro, from the Poor Soldier.

My native Vale

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The Wish.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
and the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
and the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt:
While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhiv'ring with cold,
as bleak the winds northerly blow;
When the innocent flocks run for eaſe to the fold:
with their fleeces all covered with ſnow:

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
and ſend forth their breath like a ſtream!
And the neat-looking dairy-maid ſees the muſt ſhaw
ſteaks of ice which ſhe finds in her cream:
When the ſweet country maiden, as freſh as the roſe,
as ſhe carelefsly trips, often ſlides,
And the ruſtics loud laugh, if by falling ſhe ſhows:
All the charms that her modeſty hides;

BL

When the birds to the barn-door hover for
food,
as with ſilence they reſt on the ſpray;
And the poor tired hare in vain ſeeks the
wood,
leſt her footſteps her cauſe ſhould betray.
When the lads and the laſſes, in company
join'd,
in a crow'd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride in the
wind,
and of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat:

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my
lot,
with the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whil'ſt the icicles hang from the eves of my
cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire.
Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from
ſurpriſe,
we may live and no hardſhips endure,
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
but ſuch as each other may cure.

Dear Little Cottage Maiden.

FROM place to place I travers'd long,
devoid of care or ſorrow;

With lightſome heart, and merry ſong,
I thought not of to-morrow;
But when Priſcilla caught my eye,
with every charm array'd in,
I ſigh'd and ſung, I knew not why,
dear little Cottage Maiden.

And wou'd the charmer be but mine,
ſweet nymph, I ſo revere thee,
I'd gladly ſhare my fate with thine,
and evermore be near thee:
Though gold may pleaſe the proud & great
my heart with love is laden;
Then let us join in wedlock's ſtate,
dear little Cottage Maiden.

O'er me and mine, come miſtreſs prove,
and then what ill can harm us?
Kind Hymen will each fear remove,
and ſpread each ſweet to charm us.
Together we will live content,
and nought but love will trade in;
So ſweetly ſhall our lives be ſpent,
dear little Cottage Maiden.

O rare Country Laſſes.

THE laſſes that live in this town,
They for the lads will give a crown,

The lads they are so very scant;
They will take any before they want.
O rare country lasses, O rare lasses O.

With capuchines and cardinals,
They love the lads that have good t--ls
But how to get them do not ken,
Although that they were ne'er so fain, &c.

They take three rows of pins to dress,
They will stand two hours at the glass,
When that is done they march away,
Thinking there's none like them togay &c.

They busk as bra' as e'er they can,
Then go to the fair to get a man;
They all rank up about the cross,
Lads come and take them up by force. &c

Next all away to a room they go,
The lads away their money throw,
Then they call for another glass,
Next hug and kiss their bonny lass. &c.

Then next a fiddle they do want,
Says they we'll have a clever rant;
Then bid them for to chuse their spring,
One's Dainty Davie—or any thing. &c.

They dance and loup as they were daft,
And are like to ding down the last;
They dance till they are out of breath,
And to leave it were very laith. &c.

The laſſes ſay they muſt away,
Becauſe they dare no longer ſtay ;
O, ſays the lads ſtay yet a while,
And we will go with you a mile. &c.

Then homeward they do ſteer again,
The lads have nothing for their pain,
But now their money is all gone,
Which makes them rue when they come home.

The laſſes will laugh at them now,
And ſay that they ne'er kiſs'd their mou,
And to their neighbour they will tell,
What they have done among themſell,

Thus never more I do intend,
My money on a whore to ſpend,
But ſtay at home and work my wark,
And never kiſs more in the dark.

Ballynamone, Oro,

[From the Poor Soldier.]

YOU know I'm your prieſt and your conſcience is mine,
But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good ſign,
So leave off your raking and marry a wife,
And then, my dear Darby, you're ſettled for life.
Sing Ballynamono, Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publiſh'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and bridegroom in coats white as ſnow,
So modeſt her air, and ſo ſheepiſh your look,
You out with your ring, & I pull out my book,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
He bluſhes at love, and ſhe whiſpers obey,
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I ſhut up my book, and I pocket your gold.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
That ſnug little guinea for me.

The neighbours with joy to the bridegroom and bride;
The pipers before us march ſide by ſide;
A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face;
The piper plays up, myſelf I ſay grace,
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the ſtocking is thrown;
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone;
Tis then my good boy, I believe you at home,
And hy for a chriſt'ning at nine months to come.
Sing Ballynamono, &c.
A good merry chriſt'ning for me

My native Vale.

DEAR is my little native vale,
The ring dove builds and warbles there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale,
To ev'ry prattling villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange grove and myrtle bow'rs;
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours,
With my lov'd lute's romantic sound;
Or crowns of living laurel weave,
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danc'd in twilight glade;
The canzonet and roundelay,
Sung in the silent greenwood shade.
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

FINIS.

Sold Wholesale, by G. Miller, High-Street, Dunbar.